Psycho Lover

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/42088869.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Jimmy Price/Brian Zeller (mentioned)
Characters:	Will Graham, Jack Crawford, Beverly Katz, Jimmy Price, Hannibal Lecter, Wendigo (Hannibal), Freddie Lounds, Alana Bloom
Additional Tags:	Gore, Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper, Sassy Will Graham, Oblivious Will Graham
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-10-02 Updated: 2024-07-11 Words: 11,300 Chapters: 9/?

Psycho Lover

by putrefactive_boy

Summary

Will goes to work and finds that the Chesapeake Ripper is starting to seem... romantic.

-

this is dedicated to my beloved, ekim, who deals with all my hannibal bullshit on a daily basis

Notes

ohohoho this is my brainrot, also its gonna be a romcom at some point, it'll take a minute though

See the end of the work for more notes

A Touch Of Romance

Another day.
More murders to observe.

Jack is convinced that this is the Ripper, without any solid evidence.

Yes, it's brutal and strangely elegant, but so are most of the kills Jack calls me to look at.
That's how the job works.

Jack's thoughts don't mean anything to how I have to do my job though.
It just means that he'll have a shotgun and be slightly more on edge.
No matter.

There was a new body with new things to observe.
If it was the Ripper, then it was, if not, that's fine.
Who did it means less to me than how it was done. Why.

My name is Will Graham.
It is 8:47 am.
I am driving to Baltimore, Maryland.

~

From where I am standing on the other side of the police tape, it certainly looks on par with the Ripper's tactics.
Little to no visible blood and no tracks to be found.

Though it won't mean anything until I can properly see it.

Jack walks to my side.

"Any thoughts so far?"
I sigh and take off my glasses.
"Yes. That I'm not close enough to process the crime."

As I turn to him, I see a mix of anger and what I think is confusion on his face.
Doesn't like it when I mock him, especially not when he's so uneasy.

I've stopped truly caring about what he thinks.
I just have to do what he wants me to do then I can leave.
What he thinks of how I get there isn't important.

Jack crosses under the police tape and takes a few steps forward before signaling for me to follow.

Now things can finally get interesting…

~

"Well then…"

I stand in front of the corpse.

A man, hung by his arms above his head on a tree branch.
His eyelids are sewn shut but it is obvious his eyes are missing underneath it.
Blood trickles down from them.
His cheeks have a smile carved into them.
Bloody handprints are all over his arms, one on his face, there's blood in his hair.
A gaping hole is left in his chest.
You can see clean through to the forest behind him.
His ribs are missing, as are most organs.
The only thing left is his heart, back lit by the sunrise.

"Now that you can *see* it, what do you think?"
Jack said, clearly referencing my comment from earlier.

"It has the surgical precision that is known of the Ripper, removing his organs with the elegance he always has, but this has more… emotion than usual."
I nodded sagely.
"It seems the Ripper has *feelings*."
I say, chuckling.

The actual FBI members of the forensics team approach finally.
They study it as best they can without taking it down.
Need to keep it up for my *reenactment*, I suppose.

After a moment, Jimmy pipes up.
"Does anybody else think the body looks a *little* familiar?"

We all stared at it a bit longer before it clicked in Beverly's mind.
"Hey, you're right, it looks like Will!"

They all turned to me.
So many pairs of eyes, god, it's awful.

I ignored them and looked closer.
We did have similar hair and faces…

Though he was a little prettier.

"Huh… I suppose…"
Not knowing how to agree that this corpse looked strangely like myself.

And as they all slowly started looking away, I kept my gaze locked.
It *did* look like me.

I kept staring even when Jack began to talk to me.
"Are you ready?"

I left us in silence for a few seconds before finally turning to him and nodding.

"Okay, clear out, let's go!" he yelled at everyone.

They all started to take their leave and knew what to expect.

I needed to be alone while doing this.

Closing my eyes, I turned back the clock on the crime scene.
Deconstruct everything I see.
Find the design.

I open my eyes.

The body is laid across the ground.

I walk up to it with a light in my soul.
I am happy.

His throat is bruised.
Strangled.

I take out my knife.

He is not as happy as I feel.
I want him to be.
I want him to *smile*.

And so I made him.

The eyes are removed next.

I don't want him to see what I'm doing.
I don't want him to see my design until it is finished.

I sew the wounds shut, carefully.
It's barely noticeable.

I move down the body, removing his shirt.

One large cut is all I need to start working.
An oval, on the entire torso.

It is deep enough that I am able to remove his skin with very few extra cuts.

His ribs and organs are in my way.
They are not part of the design.

I remove everything that is already visible, small slices aiding my way.

Then I work on the ribs.
I switch knives to a cleaver.

It will not be as clean as I would like but it is all I can do.

I hack through the ribs, just to get to what's inside of them.

Nothing else is needed besides the heart.

I once again start to remove the organs I have not deemed necessary.
Lungs, stomach, diaphragm.
Not useful.

The heart however must be kept.

I cut around it, keeping all parts intact.

Once everything else is discarded, I finish with the ribs.
All that is left is the spine and heart.

I detach the skin on the back, lining up the circles.
It is a hole straight through.
A window.

I run my bloody hands through his hair and caress his face.

He is finally finished.

I go to hang him up, tying his hands together above his head.
I attach the rope to the tree.

He smiles down at me.

I hear clopping hoofsteps approaching.
I turn.

He has come to watch me.

There is no emotion on his face, just piercing white eyes staring.
Staring.
Staring.
Staring.

My real eyes open.

"Love."

Jack turns to me.
"What?!"

I nod shakily, ignoring what I had just seen.

"He was killed by strangulation, the most intimate way to kill. His eyes were removed, showing how love is blind. The heart is used to represent love and that was the only organ left. The Ripper is in *love*."

He studied me, as if that would help him understand what I just said.

Beverly doesn't look at me when she speaks.

"With you…"

A Session

Chapter Summary

After the horrifying realization that the Ripper may like him, he has to go see Dr. Lecter.

Chapter Notes

homosexuality, enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

So here I was.
Pacing back and forth outside Hannibal's office.
I can't stop thinking about the last kill.
It's stuck in my mind and sou-

The door opened.

"Ah, Will, hello. Come in."
He says with a smile.
Like a light in his soul.

I enter the room, immediately walking to the chairs.
I know that I will probably get up while talking but sitting never hurts anybody.

He follows, going to the chair across from me.

His clothes are slightly less pristene than normal…
I pay no mind to it.

Hannibal asks no questions, nor makes any statement.
He knows I will start talking on my own eventually.
He is right.

"Jack had me investigate a new kill yesterday. Convinced it was the Ripper."
He nods.

"Was it?"
"I- I think so. Same precision, same elegance, same grace, but something was different this time."

I went quiet for a moment, staring at the ground.
Usual behavior for me.

Except for when talking to Hannibal.
He knew something was off, I could tell, even without looking at him.

He allowed the silence to continue for a bit longer, seeing if I would pick up.
I didn't.

"What was different, Will?"
I finally raised my head.

"It had emotion. Love, even. And…"

Once again I went mute, dropping my gaze.
He didn't say anything, just leaned forward in his chair to get closer to me.

Pressure, perhaps?
I wouldn't put it past him.
He kept looking at me.
I sigh, giving in.

“The body looked like me. Beverly said the Ripper was in love with me, which I don’t even know how that would work, would he know me? Maybe it was the TattleCrime articles…”

Hannibal just kept staring in what I think is disbelief.

“Would he like how Freddie said I was insane? Or would it be something else?”

He finally spoke.

“I cannot speak for the Ripper, but perhaps he likes you for other things. You are extremely smart and, frankly, attractive.”

I look up at him.
If this was Hannibal’s way of comforting me, it strangely worked.

“People don’t- call me that a lot…”
He smiled.
“Do you think they should more often?”
I sigh.

“I don’t know. I haven’t heard it in a while, it’s just… foreign."
"When was the last time you heard that statement?"

I scoffed.
"This is not your usual psychiatry, Dr. Lecter."
He said nothing, only giving a slight smile in response.

I turn my head away.
Why am I flustered?!

Trying to replace these new thoughts, I responded to his question.

"With my last partner. I was 31."
Hannibal looked almost disappointed with the answer, with no clear reason why.

"So it has been… 7 years?"
I nod.

Really showing my pathetic love life to him…

"What went wrong?"

He asked, which I immediately dismissed.

"I'm not sure you need to know this, *doctor*."

And he smiled once more.

"Shall we talk about the murder instead?"
And for once I wanted to.

"All organs were removed, along with the skin of the torso. Minus the heart. He must've worked during the night as it was perfectly backlit by the sunrise. There was blood on the face and in the hair."

I laugh quietly and weakly.

"Like the Ripper was trying to treat him as if he were alive… Like he would… treat *me*."

And that was when I realized.

Did I… like the Ripper?

I always admired his… work but I never expected it to go this far.

Hannibal cannot know about this.
He'll probably question my sanity more than he already does.

He had been talking and I hadn't even realized it.
It seems he didn't notice that I hadn't processed until just that moment.

"Were you listening?"
"Got, uh, lost in thought. I… was not."

He was not angry.
He smiled.

"You'll have to let me into your head eventually, Will. But our time is up for today. Thank you for meeting with me."

I nod, and leave, checking my phone.
4 missed calls from Jack.

Well shouldn't this be interesting.

Chapter End Notes

legit wrote this at 2:30 am, no sleep, so im just praying to gods i dont believe in that its not shit

A Reprise

Chapter Summary

Jack calls Will for another Ripper kill. It's slightly different this time, however.

Chapter Notes

im posting this in school lmaooooo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Why the hell weren't you answering me?!"
I sigh, hoping he can hear it through the phone.
"I have other things to do? That are also important?"

He yells at me for disrespect or something like that and tells me an address to go to.

Another kill he thinks is the Ripper.
So soon after the last?

It doesn't mean anything.

My job stays the same no matter what.

My name is Will Graham.
It is 6:01 pm.
I am in Baltimore, Maryland.

As soon as I get out of the car, I hear a police officer commanding someone to leave the crime scene.
Frankly, very loudly.
I turn to see who it is and…

Oh. Of course.

I approach them.

“Ma’am, I need you to walk away from the scene. You are not authorized.”
She turns to the movement, also known as me.
I do not face her yet.

“Let me speak to her first, okay? Then she can leave. Got it?”

The police officer looks at me like he is questioning my authority but sees the gun on my belt and backs off.
She is smiling when I actually turn to her.

“Well, Freddie Lounds, do you have to keep running into me?”

She laughs.
“It is not my intention, Mr. Graham. You just happen to be at any crime I investigate.”

Now it's my turn to laugh.

“You say investigate like that is what you actually do. You don’t investigate. You see, write, and put words into people’s mouths that were not there previously.”

“Still upset that I called you insane?”

I stop looking at her now.
She is getting on my last nerve.
I move on.

“How did you learn about this scene anyway? And before me, at that.”
Freddie scoffs at me.

“For once I didn’t mean to. I was just walking when I saw them putting up police tape and yelling at civilians to vacate.”
“So you didn’t listen to that?”

She frowns.
I smile at it.

Might as well taunt her if I see her so often.
Especially since she insulted me to the public.

“Is Hannibal here?”
She switched the subject.
I sigh.

“He is not. Jack hasn’t been calling him to the recent crimes in this… collection, I suppose.”

She looked at me with a face that shows she was invested.
Wanting me to say more.

“Freddie…”
Her eyes widen.

“I think it’s time for you to leave the scene.”

It all drops.

“I told him we would talk then you would leave. We talked, the conversation is done. Have a good day. Bye, Ms. Lounds.”

But I do not walk away yet.
I am going to wait until I see her leave.

Which, with me standing there staring at her, wordlessly, she does.
And quick.

Now it’s time for me to do my job.

Unlike whatever her articles are doing, I can properly process what’s happening.

It is once again different than usual.

I will start with what is normal.

There is no blood on the ground.
Surgical precision.
Graceful and beautiful.

Except… It once again looks like me.

This one is a lot more straightforward than the other.

He is posed like a renaissance painting.
Completely nude, one arm over the chest, the other over the crotch.

I reminded myself to take a photo, as Hannibal would probably know which one.

His eyes are missing again, but not sewn shut.
The blood on his cheeks is mostly dry by now but not fully.
Clearly treated after removal to stop excessive bleeding.

Bruising on the neck.
Suffocated again.

Hooks in the shoulders and rope are used to hang him up.

“Jack…”

He turns to me.
“Yes?”

“I can’t relive this one.”

His face contorts with confusion.
“*What*?”
I nod like he’s an idiot.

“There’s no way to see more motive. It is simply a man, choked and posed. It has emotion, yes, but not much more. With just this, it barely even looks like the Ripper’s work.”

“Look at the back, Will.”
He tells me.

I walk around into the brush and weeds and look at the body once more.

A heart shaped wound is cut into the back, sewn up again.
I’m guessing at least one organ is missing.
There is also a word carved just deep enough in the skin to make a mark, but not for extreme bleeding.
“Noras.”
No clue what that would say.

“This still gives me nothing…”
I whisper to myself.
I would have to try anyway.

I walk back around and give a signal to Jack.
Everyone clears away once again.

I doubt I will be able to find out the truth of the crime, but I still must nonetheless.

I close my eyes.
The show can now begin.

I open my eyes.

I am leaning over the body.
Moving it into position.

I want him to become art.
Beauty.
Design.

Once that is done, I stitch it in position.

I do not carve the cheeks this time.
He is not happy, nor am I.

A quiet voice in the back of my head wonders if it's because *I* had no reaction to the previous kill…
I ignore it.

I plant the hooks as deeply as I possibly can and pull to test.
They will not come out.

I flip him over and begin to cut the heart into his back.
Just enough to remove the skin.

I remove…

Loud clopping footsteps come up behind me.

I truly do not want to know what it is but turn anyway.

I am face to face with *him*.
He is leaning down to look me in the eye.
His piercing white eyes.
He begins to reach towards my face.
Closer.
Closer.
Closer.

I open my eyes.

I am no longer at the crime scene.
It is now completely dark.
Trees surround every side of me.

I look wildly around.
Nobody is here.

I check the time.

It is 8:37 am.
My name is Will Graham.
I am in… Baltimore, Maryland?

I finally look down.

There is a heart in front of me.
A *human heart* is in front of me.

How… Why am I here?!

I hear hoofsteps but refuse to turn.
The Ravenstag is breathing down my neck.

I continue to stare at it.
Blood has been pooling out of it, now soaking into the ground.

I want to touch it, to see if it's still warm.
But I can't.
Evidence against me.

Though I don't know if I did…
Was I the one to do this?

Light slowly starts to spread through the trees from behind me.
Sunrise.

I finally stumbled to my feet and searched my surroundings.
There was a path.
It was my only choice.

So I followed it.

Chapter End Notes

hope you enjoyed, i'll give explanations in the next chapter ;]

edit: yeah the next chapter explains literally nothing lmao- it does give more information however

A Walk to Hell

Chapter Summary

Will finds out where he is and has to deal with the consequences of it.

Chapter Notes

mmmmm i love working on this fic, and as a preface, i shall say:
i promise its going to be happy
...
just not yet-

See the end of the chapter for more notes

What must have been hours trailed by as I walked through the brush.

I stumble with every step, my body tight and sore.
What did I do to make it so?

After all this time, with only me, my thoughts, and the Ravenstag taking it's slow steps behind me, I think I finally see a clearing.

I tilt my head upwards.

Yes.
There's an opening in the trees.

I kept walking towards it.

When I breach the other side, I see a familiar building.
That is the same kind of pale brick work as Dr. Lecter's office.
Is it his office?

I wander around the corners until I see what is vaguely the front.
The large windows and covered door greeted me in its usual pristine manner.

Hannibal's agency.

I walk in.
I don't know if he'll be here as it's only… I check my watch.
10:54 am, and I definitely don't remember his schedule.

As the scenery changes, so do the hoofsteps' sound as they go from muffled to loudly clacking on the hardwood floor.

I continue to stumble my way into his waiting room, and weakly knock on the door.

He probably wasn't going to answer.
He probably wasn't here.
I would have to find my way back to the bureau without my phone or wallet or ID or, god, even just my head on straight.
He probably can't help me any-

"Will? What are you doing here?"

My gaze shoots up to the now open door and figure standing in it.
Hannibal was here.

He looked worried, even more so as I floundered over my every word, not having a single cohesive sentence.

He grabs my shaking wrists and gently pulls me into his office.
Sitting me down on the closest couch or chaise or whatever it was, he pulls his own chair up to me.

"What happened, Will?"
He looks at my muddy boots and sweat plastered skin and hair.
My breathing was ragged and shaky.

"I… I don't… know. It… I was at a crime scene and…"

I drop my head into my hands as my breaths became sharp and pulling.
On the verge of sobs.

Hannibal places a hand lightly on my knee.

I was mumbling incoherently to myself, but it slowly got louder and more defined until he heard.

"I don't know if I did it, I don't know if I did it, a heart, there was a human heart, I- I don't know-"
"Will, take a breath. Please."

He moved his hand off my knee and onto my shaking hands.
I obliged, taking one deep breath.

"Look at me."

I didn't at first.
I didn't want to look him in the eye.
I didn't want for him to see just how much of a mess I was right now.

“Will… Look at me.”
He repeated, sweetly yet with more force.

I listened this time.

His kind, warm eyes met mine.
Concern was swept over his face.

I still shook, though my breathing was evening out.

His other hand trailed up and moved my hair from my forehead.
The touch lingered on my cheek.
He kept his hand there, on my face.

It was… comforting.

After a moment of that, he repeated his question.

“What happened?”

I sighed.

"I was at a crime scene. Ripper. I was trying to reenact it but… *He* got in the way. Trying to grab me. I opened my eyes and… Was in a forest. Stag behind me. Human heart in front of me."

My breathing turned shaky again.

"And I- I found a… path out and it led. It led here."

Hannibal moved his hand off my face.
For some reason, this upset me.

"Who is '*he*'?"

I look up at him, eyes wide.

"He…? Oh…"
I look back down to the floor.
"I think he is my manifestation of the Ripper. Impossibly tall, fully black skin, antlers, claws, and… the eyes. Pure white, piercing."

He leans forward, towards me.
There is no pressure behind the motion this time.
I think he just… wanted to be closer to me.

"I see…"

He moves back, grabs my hands, and stands.

"You said the path led here?"
I nod weakly.
"Take me there."

My head shoots up to him with a look of confusion.

"You want to… Go?"

He nods a singular, sharp nod.
A hesitant breath left my throat.

"You… You have a nice suit, and it's mud… muddy. Don't wanna ruin it."
He smiles. His soft, kind smile.

"Do not worry, Will, I have something just for that."
And he walks to his desk, opening a lower drawer.
Then he pulls out…

A full body plastic suit?

"If you don't mind me asking, Dr. Lecter… Why… Why do you- own that?"
He laughs softly.

"Because of you, Will."

My face turns with confusion.

"Ever since you started losing time and sleepwalking, I wanted to be prepared in case you ever had to lead me there. Came in handy, no?"

I chuckle weakly.
"I… I guess it did…"

Then, as he put it on, realization hit me.

I may be leading Hannibal to what could very well be *my* crime, though I wouldn't know it.
The heart…
Knowing it sat in that forest, now cold and bloodless…

Was I the one to put it there?

I had no blood on my hands or clothes but I still couldn't be sure.
I couldn't be sure of anything anymore.
What was reality and imagination are now blurred.
The line is gone for-

A hand was placed gently on my arm.

"Shall we go now?"

I nod with no real motivation behind it and begin to walk out the door.

With that hand, he pulls me in the opposite direction down the hallway.

"There is a back door this way. It would most likely look strange for us to walk out the front, in our current positions."
Alluding to the plastic suit and me being covered in mud.
I see.

"Yeah, sure, good… good idea."

And we continue walking that way.

Soon we are outside, and I stare at the forest.
My knees buckle and I begin to fall.
He catches me around the arm, wrapping my own over his shoulder.
The plastic crunches slightly as he moves so quickly to grab me.

“Hold on to me, Will.”

And I do.
I really have no choice but I wouldn't pass up a chance to be in his arms.

We walk forward, slowly but with him leading, forcefully.
I never noticed how much power he walked with while still being completely silent.

"Is that the clearing?"

I don't raise my head to check.
He does.

A plastic covered hand reaches my chin and lightly lifts it.

"You're going to have to help me, Will."

My voice is low and mumbled.

"I don't want to…"
"Why not?"

I take an instinctive step back, but can't go very far due to his arm around me.
His tone is sweet and soft but I don't want to think about what we were walking to.
I answer nonetheless.

"Because I don't know if I was the one to do it! I could be leading you to my own crime and I wouldn't even know. I…"
Trying to hide the tears welling in my voice, I continued after a short pause.
"I don't want you to think of me as a killer. A real one."

He sighs in a way which despite having no words, says so much.
Him looking at me *like that* with a sigh…

He already thinks I'm a killer.

Even so, his gaze has no hatred attached.
He thinks I'm a killer but doesn't seem to mind?

I'm probably reading his face wrong.
Emotions are hard to read, especially with someone who expresses them differently than what I taught myself to see.
I still don't fully know how he shows them.
I wonder how he shows love…

Not that I want to be loved by him, I'm just curious.
He interests me.
Finally.

My thoughts had seemed to take over me as I hadn't realized we were still walking until the dark of the forest shaded my eyes.

I gasp and shoot my gaze towards Hannibal.
He is just smiling softly but with an air of victory.
At least we're getting closer to being done with this all.

We continue to walk.
Or him walking and me stumbling, practically being carried.
After a minute I pipe up.

"It's just straight from here."

He chuckles.
A warm sound.

"Thank you for helping, Will."

I nod weakly, opting not to tell him that it's just because it's *him*.

That if it were anyone else, I wouldn't have said anything.
I wouldn't have been walking right now.
We would still be in that office, ignoring the state in which I entered.
I wouldn't have said a word of explanation nor the truth of what happened.
'Fishing trouble,' or 'walking the dogs.'
Maybe a half-truth of 'losing time into the woods' without saying which woods or what was there.

Hannibal could never know that I was only open because it was him.

I step out of my thoughts for a moment to see how far we've gotten.
I check my watch.

Before I can read it, Hannibal, without looking at me, says, "We're walking at a faster speed than you would have when coming out. Time doesn't mean much as a frame of reference."

I still check it anyways.

12:11 pm. I'm in Baltimore, Maryland. My name is Will Graham.

~

Trailing through the mud and dirt is as awful as it was before.

I was even more sore because of the walk out and knowing I was leading someone to this heart.

That was when I realized.

I don't know if the heart was really there.
Was this just another hallucination haunting me?
For once I hoped it was.
I don't want it to be real.
I just want this to be over with. How far are we?

I check my watch.
12:56.
Tilting my head up, I look at the surroundings.

Oh *god*.
I can see the start of the clearing.
The clearing.
The heart.

I stop walking, dead in my tracks.

"Will? What is wrong?"

The shaking has come back, full force.
I do not answer him, only pointing to the opening.

My hand is covered in blood.
When did it get covered in blood?

"I see…"
And he begins to walk forward.

Though it is not Hannibal who I see.
It is *him*.
His antlers scrape on the branches above him.
The sound of hoofsteps fills every corner of my mind.

He is approaching the heart.
Human heart.

I look down.

My hands are still slick with blood.
I try wiping it off on my shirt but it's not coming off.
Stuck.
I will forever know what I have done.
Blood.
Eternally.

I close my eyes.
The only resort to stopping all this.

Footsteps approach me.
Footsteps.
Not hooves.
I do not open my eyes.

I sit on the forest floor, curled into a ball, rocking back and forth.

I can feel tears beginning to form but force them back down.
Hannibal, if that's even still him, can't see me cry.

Plastic crunches beside me and I can feel that he is in front of me.

A hand is on my shoulder.
Then another on my other shoulder.
They move to my back and he places his head as close to mine as he can with my legs in the way.

He's… hugging me.

I cannot hold back the tears any longer and begin to sob.
Full, loud sobs.
The forest echoed every single harrowing sound.

I couldn't stop.
I can't stop.

Minutes passed with just the feeling of his arms around me and the pitiful emotions coming from my throat.

As I began to calm down, my breathing slowly going back to normal, I asked one question.

"Is it real?"

Chapter End Notes

i love making my favorite characters suffer hehe
also this is the longest chapter yet-

A Distressing Conversation

Chapter Notes

HEY WHICH ONE OF YOU *FUCKHEADS* (/aff) WAS GONNA TELL ME I FORGOT TO POST AN ENTIRE CHAPTER IN THIS HOE?????

im soooo mad at my past self for missing this, i LOVE this chapter...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He says nothing.
His arms stay wrapped around me and his mouth closed.
He says nothing.

I shove him off of me.
I need to look him in the eye.
Which is something I never thought I would say.

"Hannibal. Is it real?" The panic was building in my tone.
The one person I could trust with this and he wasn't answering me.

He looks at the ground, mostly confused at how violently I pushed him away.

When he does look up, a slight smile is plastered on his face.
A smile.
I do not feel its warmth in these moments.

"It is."

I stare at him in complete shock.
Not at the existence of the heart but rather at…

"Why are you smiling then?" The rage barely hidden under my tone.
His face drops and his eyes widen.

"*Dr. Lecter*, why are you smiling?"
My anger only builds.
"Is my insanity amusing to you? I may have killed a man and yet you look so happy. I'm losing myself and you're just… Enjoying it?"

He just kept staring, eyes wide and filled with shock.
He looked so confused for someone who was so obvious.

"Was I always just some interest to you? Something to study then toss away? Answer me, Dr. Lecter."
Once more he said nothing.
"Answer. Me."

It seems my words finally clicked in his smart yet so ignorant brain.

"That is not it at all, Will. I care about you. I'm smiling because yo- It's not a-another hallucination. That's all."

I have never heard him stutter like that before.
I chalk it up to him just being confused about me yelling at him.

I didn't know whether to trust him so quickly again.
But in all honesty… I have no one else.

There is nobody else I know, nobody in the entire bureau, nobody anywhere who I would trust with this information.

I will never forget his smile though.
And I will never forget my anger.

"... Fine! Fine."
I sigh, not looking at him.
"What do we do now?" My voice barely audible.

"Will… I think we might have to call Jack."
My head shoots up and my tone is *firm*.
"No."
"Why not? This may be the possible organ that the Ripper took from the last kill."

I laugh like he's an idiot.

"And what will we tell him about *how* we found it?"

He leans towards me with a look in his eyes that I have never seen before.

"We lie, Will."

~

Sirens pull closer to me and Hannibal, standing in front of the agency.

The first car to reach us, however, is not a police car.
It is just a regular car.
And out of it steps Jack Crawford.
He approaches us.

His tone is darker than usual.
"What happened?"

I open my mouth to speak but close it promptly.
I didn't know what the lie should be.
Hannibal picks up from my silence.

"Since many of Will's nightmares take place in nature, I decided it would be good to walk in nature as we talked, as well as the fact that walking helps boost conversation anyways. We were in the forest for just over 2 hours before reaching a human heart in a clearing. Will believes it may be the missing organ from the previous Ripper kill, which he told me about. Though he is not talking much now because of the harrowing sight."
Jack nods solemnly.
"I see…"

He turns to the police officers waiting behind him.
"Heart in a clearing about 2 hours in. Go."
Which they did.

He now faced Hannibal.

"Can I talk to you over there for a minute? Alone."
"Of course, Jack."

And they walked away.

I was now alone with my thoughts.

Why was Hannibal so good at lying?
Did he have practice?
How would he get practice?
It was the perfect lie for this situation and it was on the spot.

I had to wonder…

How often has he lied to me?

Footsteps approached me.
Two sets.

Jack was the one to talk.
"Are you alright?"
I just nod.

He has literally never asked me that before and I honestly thought he never would.
Jack has admitted to not caring about me, just about the lives I save, so something about this worried him.
Maybe the fact that I found the crime scene, maybe something Hannibal told him while they were away.

It put me off slightly.

"We have decided that you working on any other case besides the Ripper is not necessary. From now until we can catch him, you will only be called for Ripper kills."

And I swear I saw Hannibal smile from behind him, just for a second.
Though I know if I asked him about it, he would deny it.

He would…

lie.

I couldn't focus on that.
There were murders to solve.
Thinking about everything Hannibal did today can come later.

"I understand." is about all I can muster up to say.

I'm only going to be called on the Ripper's kills.
I'm going to have to stare at corpses that look like me every single time I come to a crime scene.
And with the rate he's killed at, it will be constant.

"Glad you do. But for now, go home. Rest for a bit."

Which I couldn't be happier to do.

Chapter End Notes

i promise im working on this silly goofy fanfic again, once i can figure out how to Write Again, there'll be a new chapter

A Calm in the Storm

Chapter Notes

its been a while, huh.... sorry about that!! finals week and other school things have been kicking my ass so i couldnt write as much, added to *how long this chapter is holy shit*
also this marks the first use of Fuck
hope you enjoy <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As I stood in front of my door, I knew what was waiting for me inside.

But for once, that wasn't a bad thing.

I opened it to…

"Hi!"
Dogs!

Winston was the first one to greet me.

I wish I had more arms so that I could pet all of my dogs at the same time.
For now though, I will try my best with what I have.

They're all jumping on me at the same time.
"You have to go outside!"
I laughed out, trying to push past them.

It was quite literally a wall of 9 dogs who were all so happy to see me that they couldn't contain it.

If I had my druthers, there wouldn't be any more murders to solve, Jack would leave me alone, and I could just stay at home all day with my dogs.
Life would be so simple and so calm.

The only person who I'd be fine with joining me in this life would be Hannibal Lecter, though… He probably wouldn't.

I shake the thought away, instead focusing on ushering all the dogs to go out.

I stand on my porch, smiling as I see them run around and play with each other.
It's like a family, almost.

Barking approaches me and I look down to once again see Winston…
Covered in mud.

"Oh messy boy, now I have to wash you."
I say, feigning a sad voice.

The tone did not matter to him though, as his tail was wagging all the same.
I guess he just likes hearing me talk.

I let them all play and use the bathroom for just a little while longer before ushering them back inside.

Except for poor Winston.

As much as I really didn't care how messy the house was, mud was one of the few things that I didn't accept.

There are a lot of rugs from when I just prefer to sleep on the floor instead of a bed and dirt on them is *not* fun.

So he would have to be cleaned before he can come back in.

Before I went back to him, I grabbed some soap from inside.
"Dish soap should work, right?"
Then nodded as if answering my own question.

I walked Winston over to the hose and crouched next to him, turning it on.

"Just so you know, I will be talking to you, is that okay?"
And he barked as if a yes.
"Good."

I sprayed him down with a small bit of water and began to speak.

"I've been assigned some new cases by Jacky-boy. Remember him?"
I continue, starting to rub some soap into his fur.
"Yeah… You tried to bite him when you first saw him. Honestly kinda wish you did. Would've been funny. Just watchin' you lick him up good. God, bless his heart."

I smile scratching behind his ears.

"Anyways. Apparently I'm not gonna be called for anything except the recent Ripper kills. I know I told you 'bout the Ripper. Going around, killing and eating folks, making them into a strange form of art."
I sigh and wash off the current soap.
"It is very artistic, in a gruesome way. A reminder that life and death are both beautiful, just in their own ways. Though his recent pieces have been slightly less beautiful than the others…"
I scrub out the bits of soap still remaining in Winston's fur.
"They all look like me and are made for me."

I stop rubbing him for a second, and he whines as if in solidarity.

"And I don't get a break from it. No other crimes, no teaching. No time for those. He's killing so much and so often that I'm going to just be staring at these caricatures of myself all the time."
I sigh and pour a bit more water onto his head.
"My face reflected back at me but without any of the life still in it…"

Winston looked at me with the saddest eyes.
"Don't worry, babe, I'm the one with life."
I say and scratch his head.
He wags his tail a bit with the touch, spraying small droplets of water onto my shirt.
I'm glad I was going to change anyway.

"It's just kinda weird knowing that there's somebody out there who's… in love with me to the point of killing. I can't think of a single person who I know who would care as much to-"
I hear the sounds of a car pulling into my driveway.

Instead of going to greet the inevitable visitor, I sprint inside to get a towel.

Unlike his father, Winston absolutely loves people and I'd prefer to not soak anyone who comes to see me.
I'm just hoping that they don't see me running like a mad man *into my own house*.

I grab whatever towel is closest and try to beat the chase of Winston *sensing* there's people over and going to meet them while he is covered in water.

And as it would seem, I won.
By the skin of my teeth, I fucking won.

Practically tackling Winston by what is a few feet from the guests, I manage to stop him from jumping on them.

"Gotcha! God, cher, you're fast."

Reveling in the tiredness after chasing this sweet dog, I do not hide my accent.
In the words or the laugh that follows.

He is luckily more focused on me than… Who's here?
I almost forgot about that.
I turn my head and *oh god it's the two most composed people I know*.

I try my best to regain some dignity while partially covered in dirt and water, stumbling on my stand-up, and look only one of them in the eye while greeting them.

"Hello Dr. Lecter and Dr. Bloom."

The accent is gone.

She gets over her shock at god knows what and immediately scolds me.
"I already told you, just call me Alana! And-"

She paused for a moment as if trying to decide her next break.
She chose both.

"Firstly, who's this little guy? Is his name "cher"?"
then whispered 'because that is what you called him…' before continuing normally,
"Secondly, you're southern?!"

I had to just speedrun answer every question that was just sprung on me.

"This is my son- Ah- Shit- Dog. This is my dog, Winston. One of nine. And yes, I am southern. Born and raised in N'awlins. Cher basically means 'love.' An endearing term. No, you will never hear that accent again."

I sighed.
Now it was my turn to ask questions.
Actually, question.
Singular.

"What are you two doing here?"

Alana opened her mouth to speak again but Hannibal spoke before she could.

"We wanted to check on you after what happened today. I had told her what had occurred-"
And he gave me a look that showed me he meant the lie of what had occurred,
"- and she suggested seeing if you were alright or in need of assistance. Her idea. I figured you, ah… wouldn't want to see me."

The last bit of the sentence was strained as if admitting it hurt him.

It also wasn't the least bit true.
As soon as I saw him I wanted to cry, just to be in his arms again.
He was just such a good friend and I couldn't afford to lose that over a stupid heart.

"I'm always glad to see you, Dr. Lecter."
And he got the smile reserved for my dogs after a long day.
He returned with a rare almost-smile.
I wish I could see that every day for the rest of my life.

I physically shook the thought away hoping he- *they* didn't see.

"Now, uh, that you see I'm okay, do you want to come in? I still have to- to dry off Winston and feed the others, you can come along if you want."

This was mostly intended at Hannibal though Alana was more inclined.
As soon as I began to walk towards my house, she was quick behind me.
Winston, of course, was running as fast as his tiny legs could allow him towards the door.
I sped up to keep up with him, only turning to see that Hannibal was also following.

I'm glad for it, I didn't want to just leave him outside in the melting snow and mud.
Without that… *plastic suit* of his to protect from it.

God, it's thoughtful but it looks so stupid.

Anyways.
I finished drying off Winston, which didn't take too much work, as he was already mostly dry from just sitting around and running.
Gladly.
I wanted to get inside and out of the cold.

Plus all the dogs were probably starving and I really wanted to feed them.
And pet them.
They were the only kids I really had and really wanted.

Human children seem very hard to take care of.
Never know what to expect.

But as I opened the door, I always knew what to expect and was always glad to see it.
Almost all of my dogs jumping as high as they possibly could onto me.
Kylie had fallen asleep on my bed not too far away.
He always seemed to be sleeping, it was kind of strange.
Slept like a cat, acted like a dog.

I once again tried to pet all of them at the same time and ignored all of the times Alana asked for their names.
Once I'm in the house, the need for conversation ceases.
I can always tell her another time.
Right now, I'm just more focused on getting food for them all.
Luckily, Hannibal comes in as a savior and tells her all the names he remembers, which is surprisingly a lot of them.
I do not remember telling him most of this but then again I also don't remember most things.

I grab one of the bags of kibble and hand it to her, grabbing another for myself.
And as me and Alana began to dish out the food into all of the bowls, a small high-pitched noise came from behind us.
A sneeze.

I laugh.
"Jesus, Hannibal, you sneeze like a kitten."
That was literally adorable oh my god I will never forget that sound.

He looks vaguely shocked for about 4 seconds before composing himself.

"My apologies. It's just because of the dog hair."

My eyes widened.
Was him being here hurting him?

I know he had been feeding the dogs while I was away for a bit but was interacting with them bad?

I believe he noticed my expression as he immediately set to calm it.
“Do not worry, however, I am not allergic. It would happen with any shedding mammal.”
He lets out a soft hum of laughter.
“Besides humans, of course.”

“Would you truly consider a human a *shedding mammal*?” I chuckled.
He paused for a moment.
“On second thought, I would not. Though our hair does fall out and we are mammals.”

He always finds a way to make himself right, dear Lord.
Alana speaks after she finishes filling the bowls that were closest to her.
I literally almost jumped.
I forgot she was here.

"But we are more likely to shed skin cells than hair. We lose thousands daily."

Hannibal responds with a look in his eyes I've seen only once before.
Though I couldn't place when.

"Then by that logic, counting other bodily functions, humans are more likely to shed blood than hair."

And with his almost-smile, I remembered when.
With the heart.

"Not always their own, however. It seems that human beings have a penchant for spilling blood when it isn't necessary. Other creatures kill for food or to protect, people kill out of anger or for their own amusement. As some sort of…"
He trailed off in a forced way.

"Art."

I finished the sentence.

He was right.
After these endless months of looking at corpses used to express emotion or to show their thoughts, I couldn't deny that murder is absolutely a form of art.
Bodies are canvases to convey one's deepest feelings and desires.
Knives and stitches are only means to an end.
A bloody, beautiful end.
Life cannot compare to death as they are their own forms of being, of creat-

"I'm sorry to ask, on the chance that this is something you two discuss in your sessions and not usually when in a non-private setting, but are you two in agreement that… murder is art?"
She interrupted my thoughts.

Her saying that out loud really did make me feel like a murderer.
"Now I can't say that I whole-heartedly disagree but-"

"Ah, Alana, I am remorseful you had to witness that. Yes, it is something we do talk about as it pertains to Will's treatment and to his job."

She hummed a note of understanding.
Or perhaps it was distaste.
The two sound far too similar.

He checked his watch for a second or two before clicking his tongue in displeasure.

"Alas, it seems I have a session coming up. Leaving now would be the best decision to make sure I can get there and have time to prepare beforehand. Alana, shall I drive you back to your own office as well?"
"Yes. That would be… appreciated."

She seemed off-put by everything that had happened and the conversation we had been having.
It was more of a me and Hannibal thing to discuss murder is such a way.
So it's understandable to be concerned.

As they began to walk off, he offered his arm to her and she took it with a smile.
They must be in love…

Is that what love looks like?
I always expected it to be more gruff and messy, like a stab wound gushing out blood.
But for them it seemed… calm.
A slow ocean wave pulling in and out.

Is that… *love*…?

Chapter End Notes

mmmmmm next chapter is gonna be a *little* different ;]

Martyr of Romantic Becoming

Chapter Summary

Another killing for Will to investigate, but from the perspective of another man.

Chapter Notes

so turns out i had already finished the chapter lmaoooo
anyways
HANNINAL LECTER CHAPTER???? >:O

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Love.
This is what love is.

He whined as I stuck the needle in his arm.

Shushing him was not necessary based purely on the fact that his mouth was obscured and we were in the middle of the woods.

Wet tears fell down his cheeks slowly catching on the fabric covering his cheeks.
He made small choked sob sounds, shaking his head violently.

Was he trying to stall his death?
Did he think it was too early for this eternal rest?

It wouldn't work.

I didn't know his name nor did I even care to ask.
All that mattered was the curly brown hair and lightly freckled cheeks.

His hair was not dark enough but that did not cause any issues to me.
A box of hair dye sat next to my scalpels and other tools.

I slowly pushed the plunger deeper into the syringe.
Whatever I did next, he would not feel it.

Sedatives began to flow freely into his bloodstream.

His pupils were blown the next time I looked into them.
His brown eyes looked back with muted fear.
Brown.
Inaccuracy.

For the luck of the art and not this poor, unnamed man, I had already grabbed a scalpel by the next time I looked him in the eyes.

"Prepare to become something more than this. You will finally have meaning. Do you want that? Meaning?"
And despite all his fear, he nodded.
"Good."
I say before removing his eyes with precision.

They begin to bleed, as any wound would.
I let them.
Tears of blood.
Once again, I sew his eyes shut.

He hasn't fully realized how much I love him.
Will can't process that a killer would be in love with him.
I wish I could tell him it was me.
It would be much easier to accept the love of a mortal man compared to an unknown murderer, who's been going around for over 25 years.

But for now, I must continue to hide my true identity.

The man sitting in front of me is writhing softly with his new-found lack of eyesight.
Trying to make sense of the world while blinded.

How close that is to Will.
He is blinded by his own mindset and what others think of him so much so that he can't see his true self.
Or his true potential.

The martyr of romantic becoming weeps under the touch of a scalpel to his wrist.

It's not how he would die, of course not.
Simple arm based blood loss is too lengthy and takes far too long.
I shall give him his last moments of life however knowing how much meaning he has.

Down his entire arm, I carve a tick mark for every day I have been in love with Will.
Not long after his entire forearm is covered and he is whimpering despite not feeling the pain.
Though he wouldn't be able to make noise for much longer.

I take the scalpel and stab him in the leg with uncharacteristic barbarism.
Directly into the femoral artery.

He will pass out soon enough and die not much later.
A few minutes is all I need.

I remove the scalpel buried in his thigh so as to not stall the blood loss.
I can always put it back if I wish to.
It's not as if there would be any fingerprints.
The plastic cover protected my hands and suit from any blood and skin transfer, in either direction.

I keep moving as he slows and his blood stains the ground beneath us red.
Though it looks black in the moonlight.
As it always does.

He lays still beneath me as I begin to carefully slice his chest down the front, with a *need* to see his heart.

As the ribs emerge from under muscle, I grab a simple hunting knife I kept to the side.

Stabbing quickly and harshly through the heart buried under a cage of bone, I know this man has fulfilled his legacy.
I gently place the note I printed into his ribs.

All I can hope for is Will giving a proper emotional response to this, though he rarely gives those at all.
After all, he is very likely Autistic.

I reach for the box of dye and gently pass it through his hair, as if working through clay.

I can only hope that someday I will get to run my hands through Will’s hair.
If he catches on to the meaning of these murders and my identity, then perhaps it won’t be too far away.

I pack up the rest of my supplies and begin to leave.

Chapter End Notes

this was by far the hardest chapter to write, with the speech differences and depressive episode and the fact that i hadnt written in a year and a half
hope you enjoyed

A Realization

Chapter Summary

> Will has yet anothet therapy session with Dr. Hannibal Lecter, with many things to discuss.

Chapter Notes

> i told myself i had to finish and post this chapter before my therapy session today and by god i did it!!!!!
>
> hope yall enjoy my toxic old man yaoi

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was another therapy session with Dr. Lecter today.
After everything that has happened recently, he had wanted to start seeing me twice a week instead of once.
Not an issue with me.

I sit in the lobby metaphorically twiddling my thumbs.
In reality, I am deep in my thoughts.

What does the Ripper want with me?
In the eyes of most people I am just an average man.
The most I could be seen as is *crazy*, which may be what attracted the Ripper in the first place…
Is his love purely romantic or does he have some deep desire for me?
I couldn't tell based on the crimes alone.
It is a shocking-

My thoughts are interrupted by the door opening.
But it is not Hannibal who exits.

A short, stout, and, frankly, horrified looking man walks out.
His clothes fit him wrong in every place and his glasses are slightly tilted off.

Compared to this stranger, I looked well kept.

I kept looking at him in silence for a few more seconds until a hand was placed on his shoulder.

“Franklyn. That is the wrong door.”
Hannibal says with hardly hidden anger.

“Ah, s-sorry- Sorry Han- Lecter.”
He continues stuttering on as the doctor leads him to the right exit, myself following in tow.

I sit in the chair I usually sit in and wait for Hannibal to do the same.
As he does, he sighs vehemently.

“So… who’s that guy?”
“*Please* can we talk about anything else, Will?”
He says, pinching his nose bridge.
“I will tell you about him over dinner sometime.”

We sit in silence for a few moments before he does a hand motion ushering me to begin speaking.

“I guess I’ll start with the last Ripper kill… Uh, it was inspired by some painting and had a word carved into the back in some other language. I couldn’t recognize either.”
“Do you have any pictures?”

I nod, handing him the manila folder they were contained in.

He looks at them and smiles slightly.
More of a reminiscent smile than anything else.

“The painting is The Birth of Venus, Venus being the Roman goddess of beauty and love, and the language is Lithuanian. It translates to desire, or… will.”
I look at him, shocked for a bit.
“Not your name, Will, as in will to do something. Though it could be a double entendre.”

No words come out of my mouth.
I am… speechless.
There was no denying that these kills were about me now.

The Ripper *was* in love with me.

Is in love with me.

I continued to stare at the ground in complete shock at the revelation that had been made.

First the heart, now this?
I don’t even know what to do.

Tears welled in my eyes before I blinked them away.

“Was there anything else you had in mind for today’s session, Will? I see you’re shocked but don’t want to spend too much time dwelling on that in this session.”
I shake my head, not as a denial but rather to clear my mind.
Hannibal knows the difference.

“New… New hallucination and something related to it?”

He leans forward, urging me to continue.
So I do.

"Sometimes I see the heart just… sitting in front of me. It- It is haunting me, Hannibal. And every time I look at someone, I think that their hearts are the same as the one in the woods."
I make direct eye contact with him, knowing he'll probably notice the growing tears in my eyes.

"Cold and still. Dead."

He is silent for a moment.

"Will…" He speaks, "I can promise you that the people around you are alive."

Hannibal stands slowly and approaches me cautiously, in the same manner you would a stray dog.
He continues until he is directly in front of me before gently placing his hands on the side of my head.

He pulls me in, holding my ear in the middle of his chest.

A quiet thumping is heard.
A heartbeat.
His heartbeat.

I pull my head off of him as much as I can with his hands still resting on the back of my head, wrapped in my hair.

I can only hope he doesn't see the red flushed across my cheeks.

"See, Will? I am most certainly alive."
He removes his hands but doesn't go back to his chair, instead electing to crouch where he stands and hold a hand out to me.
I reluctantly take it, to where he just… holds it.

Hannibal is holding my hand.
And… smiling?

A full smile this time, and nothing close to the one in the woods.
His teeth are sharp and slightly crooked.
His eyes crinkle slightly around the edges.
His nose is scrunched.

And he is looking me in the eye.

If he didn't see me blushing before, he certainly does now.

Am I… attracted to Dr. Lecter?
No, that… that can't be…
I may like men but my *therapist*?

I lightly shake the thought away, trying to pass it off as fixing my hair.

"Would you like to continue with the session, Will?"
"Uh… Yes. That- that seems important."

But even with that he doesn't elect to go back to his chair, or even let go of my hand.
Not that I'm upset about it.

"The only people I'm guaranteed to see as alive are the fellow forensics workers under the FBI. Bev having the most… *light* out of all of them. Despite all the crime and gore they see so often, even more than I see, they still find joy within themselves. Hell, Brian and Jimmy just got engaged!"
I took a deep breath.
"And yet *I*… I just can't feel that way myself… I'm haunted by everything I've seen and I don't know what to-"

My phone rings with a violent and yet very cheery tune.

I check it and-
"Shit, Jack is calling."

And since I've been removed from any case except the Ripper, I know what to expect.
My own face.

He sounds more grim than usual when telling me the address and to get there as soon as possible.

I hang up and turn to Hannibal.

"Well, seeing as another body has just been found from the Ripper, I'd say this session has to be cut short."

He gets up, grabs my coat off the back of my chair, and gently places it on my shoulders.

"Let me take you there."
I turn to face him.
"Oh that is not needed, Dr. Lecter, I am more than capable of driving myself."
Hannibal smiles.
"I know you are, Will, but this is an act of kindness. I *want to*."

I turn away trying to hide the faint blush that coats my cheeks.

“... Fine.”
I say, jolting up and putting on my jacket.

Chapter End Notes

brian zeller x jimmy price for the win 💪💪

also ignore how mean i am to franklyn, i see myself in him-

anyways, this chapter was a lot of fun, and i love my gay men

A Crime Scene Unlike The Others

Chapter Summary

Another crime scene, this one riddled with Will Graham's insanity.

Chapter Notes

i get to include my favorite will headcanon hehehehe
ALSO HANNIBAL IS BACK ON THE CRIME SCENES!!!!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

And so here I was.
Riding passenger in Dr. Lecter's fancy car.
So expensive I couldn't even name the brand.

"Would you like to play any music, Will?"
"Agh, no, not my car."
I turn to face him.
"Plus I'm not sure you'd enjoy the music I listen to."
He smirks.
"It's a long drive. I insist."
I huff, trying to figure out how to work his speaker.

Finally I find it.
Beat It by Michael Jackson comes on, full blast.

Hannibal looks stunned for a moment.

"I was expecting something… punk, if I'm being honest."
"Yeah, well, that's reserved for home. Strictly 80s while driving."
He glances at me for a moment.

"Any particular reason for that?"
"That is a topic for our next therapy session. *Not* now."

A slight frown grew onto his lips.
He is *way* too interested in the machinations of my mind, I swear.

The rest of the ride went with little to no idle chatter, thankfully.
I needed to get into the mindset of the crime, I needed to put on the mask reserved for the FBI.

And so I did.

~

By the time we got to the crime scene, the rest of the forensic team had already arrived.
Beverly smiled when she saw the two of us.

“Didn’t know Hannibal would be joining us today!”
She shouted with a chuckle.

Once we were close enough, he replied.
“Well it certainly wasn’t planned, Ms. Katz. We were just having therapy when Will got the call, so I offered to drive him.”
She rolled her eyes at the formality.

“Well it’s still good to see you, *Mr. Lecter*.”
He sighed violently but didn’t say a word.

We walked together to the scene, Hannibal putting on a pair of plastic gloves.

This scene was extremely similar to the others in this collection.
All the Ripper’s usual characteristics, along with my face staring.
Despite the lack of eyes in his face, the gaze still pierced me.

He wasn’t hung up this time, rather laid unceremoniously on the ground.
He had an extremely beautiful hand carved hunting knife stabbed into his chest.
Down his forearm were tick marks for god knows what reason.
They were counted in sevens rather than the usual five.
Next to the body was a folded note, clearly removed from the corpse.

I put on a pair of gloves.
“May I touch the note and read it?”

Jack motioned me ahead, too busy talking to someone else to respond verbally.

And so I did.

‘Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments; love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no, it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come.
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom:
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.'

What…?

I show it to Hannibal, expecting him to know which poem it is.
Of course, he does.

"Sonnet 116, Shakespere. About the constancy of love. The speaker says that true love remains steady throughout their entire lifetime together, no matter what changes occur."
"So I can't deny that he's in love with me any longer… "
He nods.
I sigh, rubbing the space in between my eyebrows to ward against the growing headache.

"If only I knew who he was, I'd give him a response. Probably what he's looking for anyways…"
I mumbled to myself.

Both Hannibal and Beverly looked shocked.
I realized a bit too late that I probably shouldn't have said that out loud.
Well I guess we had a new topic for therapy with Hannibal…

I place the note back where I had grabbed it.
"Uh… Please step back."
They obliged.

I shut my eyes and turn back the clock on the crime scene.

Tick.
Tock.
Tick.

I open my eyes.

The poor man lays in front of me, writhing.
I shush him, plunging a vial of sedatives into his arm.
I didn't want this to hurt, I didn't want to hurt my Will.
Soon after they kick in, I remove his eyes.
Sewing them shut but letting them bleed.
Tears of blood, of a lack of recognition.
It took him this long- it took *me* this long to figure out that I was actually loved.

He watched over me, looming.

I grab my scalpel and make marks, seven in each set, covering his entire forearm.
Using the same scalpel, I stab deep into his femoral artery, removing it not much after.
Then I carve a line down the center of his torso, pulling the skin away with my hands, revealing his ribs.
I grab the hunting knife and plunge it deep into his heart, straight through bone.
The note is placed next to it.

I get up and observe my work.
My design.
His dear Will.
Forever a cadaver.

I open my real eyes.

"It's… certainly the Ripper. Killed exactly how it appears."
I sigh then begin to mumble to myself, "I swear-"
I cut myself off.

I didn't want to bully Jack Crawford right now, even with how cathartic it is to do so.
Though I was right.

It practically was psychological torture making me relive these crimes and literally do nothing else.

It's wake up, crime scene, therapy with Hannibal, then sleep, with occasional bouts of losing my mind.
I don't know how much more I can take.
Seeing my face, my body, my corpse on an almost everyday basis when I already feel like I'm staring at a corpse looking in my own mirror.
I find myself having to stop and feel my pulse, just to somehow prove I'm still alive.
I don't know how much more I can take.
I don't know how much-

I am awoken from my innate ramblings by a hand on my shoulder.

"Will, are you alright?"
I tense up full bodily and wince, not looking at who was speaking to me.
Putting on the best show I can, I nod.

It's absolutely dreadful.

"Well you're sweating, shaking, and completely dissociated so I am not inclined to believe that yes."
"We'll… We'll talk about that in therapy, D.. Doctor. Just… take me back to my car."
I pause, continuing weakly.

"Please."

~

The drive was silent for most of the beginning, save for 80s music quietly playing in the background.

That was until Hannibal spoke up.

“You said that if you knew who the Ripper was, you’d give him a response, yes? What would that response be?”
I was expecting this to be brought up in *therapy*, I hadn’t curated a response yet!
“Do you want honesty and a chance to question my sanity or do you want a relatively normal answer?”
“Honesty please, Will.”
I sighed.

“I would tell him just how much all this actually means to me. I haven’t felt properly loved in a really long time and never to this degree. I would also ask him what exactly entranced me to him. By all means, I am just an average man, save for whatever bullshit Freddie Lounds has said about me.”

Hannibal opened his mouth as if he were about to say something but ended up just shutting it for a few moments more.

“Thank you for being truthful with me, Will. I appreciate it.”
I nod shakily.

If only he knew.

Chapter End Notes

i know nothing about cars and i was born way past the 80s, forgive me-
the 80s will graham thing is a headcanon i created while in the car-

also apologies for the rocky mind palace will description of the crime scene, i couldnt be bothered to repeat all of what i had written in Martyr of Romantic Becoming

anyways, hope you enjoyed!

End Notes

hope you enjoyed my extremely gay chaos

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!